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T W O

LOVE POEMS.

I.

Strephon's *Love to* Delia.

J U S T I F I E D;

I N A

Letter to Celadon.

II.

Strephon's Address to *Delia*.

By the Author of the CHOICE.

L O N D O N:

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Strephon's Love to Delia,
 JUSTIFY'D:
 In a Letter to *Celadon.*

ALL Men have Follies, which they blindly Trace
 Thro' the Dark Turnings of a Dubious Maze:
 But Happy Those, who by a Prudent Care,
 Retreat betimes from the Fallacious Snare.

The Eldest Sons of Wisdom were not free,
 From the same Failure you condemn in me:
 They Lov'd, and by that Glorious Passion led,
 Forgot what *Plato*, and Themselves had said.
 Love Triumph'd o'er those Dull Pedantick Rules,
 They had collected from the Wrangling Schools;
 And made 'em to his Nobler Sway submit,
 In spite of all their Learning, Art and Wit:
 Their Grave starch'd Morals then Unuseful prov'd,
 Those Dusty Characters he soon Remov'd:
 For when his Shining Squadrons came in View,
 Their boasted Reason murmur'd, and withdrew;
 Unable to oppose their mighty Force,
 With Flegmatic Resolves, and dry Discourse.

If, as the Wisest of the Wise have err'd,
 I go astray, and am condemn'd unheard;

My Faults you too severely Reprehend,
 More like a rigid Censor, than a Friend.
 Love is the Monarch Passion of the Mind;
 Knows no Superior, by no Laws confin'd:
 But Triumphs still, impatient of Controul,
 O'er all the Proud Indowments of the Soul.

You Own'd my *Delia*, Friend, Divinely Fair;
 When in the Bud her Native Beauties were.
 Your Praise did then her Early Charms confess,
 Yet you'd persuade Me to adore her less:
 You but the Non-age of her Beauty saw,
 But might from thence Sublime Ideas draw,
 And What She is, by what she Was, conclude,
 For now She Governs those, She then Subdu'd.

Her Aspect Noble, and Mature is grown,
 And ev'ry Charm in its full Vigour shown.
 There we may, Wondering, View distinctly Wit:
 The Lines of Goodness, and the Marks of Wit:
 Each Feature, Emulous of pleasing Most,
 Does, justly, some Peculiar Sweetness boast.
 And her Composure's of so Fine a Frame,
 Pride cannot hope to Mend, nor Envy Blame.

When the Immortal Beauties of the Skies
 Contended naked for the Golden Prize:
 The Apple had not fall'n to *Venus* Share,
 Had I been *Paris*, and my *Delia* there.

In whom alone We all their Graces find,
 The moving Gayety of *Venus* joyn'd
 With *Juno's* Aspect, and *Minerva's* Mind.

View but those Nymphs, which other Swains adore
 You'll value Charming *Delia* still the more.
Dorinda's Mien's Majestic, but her Mind
 Is to Revenge, and Peevishness inclin'd :
Myrtilla's Fair, but yet *Myrtilla's* Proud ;
Cloe has Wit, but Noisy, Vain, and Loud :
Melania doats upon the silliest Things,
 And yet *Melania* like an Angel sings.
 But in my *Delia* all indowments meet,
 All that is Just, Agreeable, or Sweet ;
 All that can Praise, and Admiration move,
 All that the Wifest, and the Bravest Love.

In all Discourse *She's* Apposite and Gay,
 And ne'er wants something Pertinent to say.
 For if the Subject's of a serious Kind,
 Her Thoughts are Manly, and her Sense refin'd :
 But if Divertive, her Expression's fit,
 Good Language joyn'd, with Inoffensive Wit.
 So Cautious always, that she ne'er affords
 An Idle Thought the Charity of Words.

The Vices common to her Sex can find
 No Room, e'en in the Suburbs of her Mind.
 Concluding Wisely, *She's* in Danger still,
 From the meer Neighbourhood of Industrious Ill :

There

Therefore at Distance keeps the Subtile Foe,
 Whose near Approach would Formidable grow.
 While the Unwary Virgin is Undone,
 And Meets the Misery, which she ought to shun.

Her Wit is Penetrating, Clear, and Gay,
 But let's true Judgment, and Right Reason Sway :
 Modestly Bold, and Quick to Apprehend,
 Prompt in Replys ; but Cautious to Offend.
 Her Darts are Keen, but Levell'd with such Care,
 They ne'er fall short, and seldom fly too far :
 For when she Rallies, 'tis with so much Art,
 We Blush with Pleasure, and with Raptures smart.

Oh *Celaron* ! You wou'd my Flame approve,
 Did you but hear her Talk, and talk of Love :
 That tender Passion to her Fancy brings
 The Prettyest Notions, and the Softest Things ;
 Which are by Her so movingly exprest,
 They fill with Ecstasy my throbbing Breast.
 'Tis then the Charms of Eloquence impart
 Their Native Glorys, unimproved by Art :
 By what she says, I measure Things Above,
 And Guess the Language of *Seraphic Love*.

To the cool Bosom of a peaceful Shade,
 By some wide Beech, or lofty Poplar made ;
 When Ev'ning comes, we secretly repair,
 To Breath in private, and unbend our Care:

And,

And, while our Flocks in fruitful Pastures feed,
 Some well-design'd Instructive Poem Read.
 Where useful Morals, with soft Numbers joyn'd,
 At once Delight, and Cultivate the Mind :
 Which are by her to more Perfection brought,
 By Wise Remarks upon the Poets Thought.
 So well she knows the Stamp of Eloquence,
 The Empty Sound of Words from solid Sense :
 The Florid Fustian of a Rhyming Spark,
 Whose random Arrow ne'er comes near the Mark,
 Can't on her Judgment be impos'd, and pass
 For Sterling Gold, when 'tis but Gilded Brass.
 Oft in the Walks of an Adjacent Grove,
 Where first we mutually engag'd to Love ;
 She'd Smiling ask me, whether I'd prefer,
 An humble Cottage on the Plains with her ;
 Before the Pompous Buildings of the Great,
 And find Content in that Inferiour State ?
 Said I, the Question you propose to me,
 Perhaps a Matter of Debate might be ;
 Were the Degrees of my Affection less,
 Than Burning Martyrs to the Gods express,
 In you I've all I can desire below,
 That Earth can give me, or the Gods bestow ;
 And blest with you, I know not where to find
 A Second Choice ; you take up all my Mind.
 I'd not forsake these dear delightful Plains,
 Where charming *Delia*, Love and *Delia* reigns ;
 For all the Splendor, that a Court can give,
 Where gaudy Fools, and Busy Statesmen live.

Tho' Youthful *Paris*, when his Birth was known,
 Too Fatally related to a Throne,
 Forsook *Oenone*, and his Rural Sports,
 For Dangerous Greatness, and Tumultuous Courts :
 Yet Fate shou'd offer me its Pow'r in vain,
 For what is Pow'r to such an Humble Swain ?
 I wou'd not leave my *Delia*, leave my Fair,
 Tho' half the Globe shou'd be assign'd my Share.

And wou'd you have me, Friend, reflect again,
 Become the Basest, and the Worst of Men ?
 Oh do not urge me, *Celadon*, forbear
 I cannot leave her, she's too charming Fair !
 Shou'd I your Council in this Case pursue,
 You might suspect me for a Villain too :
 For sure that Perjur'd Wretch can never prove
 Just to his Friend, that's Faithless to his Love.

Strepson's

Strephon's Address to Delia

AS those, who hope hereafter Heav'n to Share,
 A Rig'rous Exile here can calmly bear :
 And with Collected Spirits undergo
 The sad Variety of Pain below :
 Yet with Intense Reflections antedate,
 The mighty Raptures of a Future State :
 While the bright Prospect of approaching Joy
 Creates a Bliss, no Trouble can destroy.

So tho' I'm tofs'd by Giddy Fortune's Hand
 Ev'n to the Confines of my Native Land ;
 Where I can hear the Stormy Ocean Roar,
 And break its Waves upon the foaming Shore :
 Tho' from my *Delia* banish'd, all that's Dear,
 That's Good, or Beautiful, or Charming here ;
 Yet flatt'ring Hopes encourage me to live,
 And tell me Fate will kinder Minutes give ;
 That the dark Treasures of time contains
 A glorious day, will finish all my Pains ;
 And while I contemplate on Joys to come,
 My Griefs are Silent, and my Sorrows Dumb.

Believe me *Nymph*, believe me Charming Fair,
 (When Truth's conspicuous, we need not Swear ;

Oaths

Oaths wou'd suppose a Diffidence in you;
 That I am false, my Flame fictitious too)
 Were I condemn'd by Fate's Imperial Pow'r
 Ne'er to return to your Embraces more :
 I'd scorn whate'er the busy World cou'd give ;
 'Twou'd be the worst of Miseries to Live.
 For all my Wishes, and Desires pursue,
 All I Admire, or Covet here, is you.
 Were I possess'd of your surprizing Charms,
 And lodg'd again within my *Delia's* Arms:
 Then wou'd my Joys ascend to that Degree,
 Cou'd Angels Envy, they wou'd Envy me.

Oft as I wander in a silent Shade,
 When bold Vexation wou'd my Soul Invade:
 I banish the rough Thought, and none pursue,
 But what inclines my Willing Mind to you.
 The soft Reflections on your Sacred Love,
 Like Sov'reign Antidotes, All Cares remove;
 Composing ev'ry Faculty to Rest,
 They leave a Grateful Flavour in my Breast.

Retir'd sometimes into a Lovely Grove,
 I think o'er all the Stories of our Love.
 What mighty Pleasure I have oft possess'd,
 When with a Masculine Embrace I prest
 The Lovely *Delia* to my heaving Breast.
 Then I remember, and with vast Delight,
 The kind Expressions of the parting Night :

Methought, the Sun too Quick return'd agen,
 And Day was ne'er Impertinent till then.
 Strong, and Contracted was our Eager Bliss,
 An Ages Pleasure in each generous Kiss:
 Years of Delight, in Moments we compriz'd,
 And Heaven it self was there Epitomiz'd.

But when the Glories of the Eastern Light,
 O'reflow'd the twinkling Tapers of the Night.
 Farewell my *Delia*, O Farewell said I,
 The utmost Period of my time is Nigh.
 Too Cruel Fate forbids my Longer Stay,
 And Wretched *Strephon* is compell'd Away.
 But tho' I must my Native Plains forego,
 Forsake these Fields, forsake my *Delia* too:
 No Change of Fortune shall for ever Move
 The settl'd Base of my Immortal Love.

And must my *Strephon*, must my Faithful Swain,
 Be forc'd, you cry'd, to a Remoter Plain?
 The Darling of my Soul so soon remov'd;
 The Only Valu'd, and the best Belov'd.
 Tho Other Swains to me themselves Address,
Strephon was still distinguish'd from the Rest.
 Flat, and Infipid all their Courtship seem'd,
 Little themselves, their Passions less esteem'd.
 For my Aversion with their Flames Increas'd,
 And none but *Strephon* Partial *Delia* pleas'd.
 Tho' I'm depriv'd of my Kind Shepherd's Sight,
 Joy of the Day, and Blessing of the Night:

Yet will you *Strephon*, will you Love me still?
 However flatter me, and say you Will.
 For shou'd you entertain a Rival Love,
 Shou'd you unkind to me, or Faithless prove;
 No Mortal e'er cou'd half so Wretched be,
 For sure no Mortal ever Lov'd like me.

Your Beauty Nymph, said I, my Faith Secures,
 Those, you once Conquer must be always yours;
 For Hearts Subdu'd by your Victorious Eyes,
 No Force can Storm, no Stratagem Surprize.
 Nor can I of Captivity complain
 While Lovely *Delia* holds the Glorious Chain.
 The *Cyprian* Queen in Young *Adonis* arms
 Might fear, at last he wou'd despise her Charms.
 But I can never such a Monster prove,
 To slight the Blessings of my *Delia*'s Love.
 Wou'd those, who at Celestial Tables sit,
 Blest with Immortal Wine, Immortal Wit;
 Chuse to descend to some Inferior Board,
 Which nought but Stumm, and Nonsense, can afford?
 Nor can I e'er to those Gay Nymphs Address,
 Whose Pride is greater, and whose Charms are less.
 Their Tinsel Beauty may perhaps Subdue.
 A Gaudy Coxcomb, or a Fulsome Beau;
 But seem, at best, Indifferent to me,
 Who none, but you, with Admiration See.

Now wou'd the Rowling Orbs obey my Will,
 I'd make the Sun a Second time stand still;

And

And to the Lower World their Light Repay,
 When Conquering *Joshua* robb'd 'em of a Day.
 Tho' our two Souls wou'd different Passions prove,
 His was a Thirst of Glory, Mine is Love.
 It will not be; the Sun makes hast to Rise,
 And takes Possession of the Eastern Skies:
 Yet one Kiss more, tho' Millions are too few,
 And *Delia* since we must, must part, Adieu.

As *Adam*, by an Injur'd Maker driv'n
 From *Edens* Groves, the Vicinage of Heaven,
 Compell'd to wander, and oblig'd to bear
 The harsh Impressions of a Ruder Air,
 With mighty Sorrow, and with Weeping Eyes
 Look'd back, and mourn'd the Loss of Paradise:
 With a Concern like his did I review
 My Native Plains, my Charming *Delia* too;
 For I left Paradise in Leaving you.

If, as I walk, a pleasant Shade I find,
 It brings your fair Idea to my Mind.
 Such was the happy place, I Sighing say,
 Where I, and *Delia*, Lovely *Delia* Lay;
 When first I did my tender thoughts impart,
 And made a Grateful Present of my heart.
 Or if my Friend in his Apartment, shows
 Some Piece of *Vandikes*, or of *Angelo's*:
 In which the Artift has with wond'rous Care
 Describ'd the Face of one exceeding Fair;

Tho

Tho', at first Sight, it may my Passion raise,
 And ev'ry Feature I admire, and Praise:
 Yet still, methinks, upon a Second View,
 'Tis not so Beautiful, so Fair as you.
 If I converse with those, whom most admit
 To have a Ready, Gay, Vivacious Wit;
 They want some Amiable moving Grace,
 Some Turn of Fancy, that my *Delia* has.
 For ten Good Thoughts, amongst the Crowd they Vent,
 Methinks Ten Thousand are Impertinent.

Let other Shepherds, that are prone to Range,
 With each Caprice, their Giddy humours Change.
 They from Variety less Joys receive,
 Than you Alone are Capable to give.
 Nor will I envy those Ill Judging Swains,
 What they enjoy's the Refuse of the Plains.
 If for my Share of Happiness below
 Kind Heav'n upon me *Delia* wou'd bestow;
 Whatever Blessings it can give beside,
 Let all Mankind amongst themselves divide.



